

## closer

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### Summary

“You’re lucky I’m the one that found you,” Heisenberg chuckles dryly. Pulls away to gauge Ethan’s reaction, to feed off of the dissonant storm of fear and arousal rolls in across his face. “Some of the alphas would break you without a second thought. I’m a gentleman.”

“Fuck,” Winters mutters. A subtle lisp undermines the weight of the swear, being unaccustomed to the recent development of flesh-slicing incisors crowding into his mouth. Logical thought is redacted from his mind at the feather-light brush of Heisenberg’s hand over the fervid arousal that’s tenting the front of his jeans.

“Should let me take care of that for you,” the machinist purrs. Confidence is a gilded coat over his own burning arousal. The true hunger he’s fighting is evident in his wild eyes, searching and scanning for any weakness of Ethan’s to exploit.

### Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Reality is a very fine, subjective line that Ethan teeters on. From super-sized vampiric majesties to men made into acid and slime and sorrow. Nothing seems real anymore, not since he had to bear witnesses to the gruesome demise of his dearly beloved and subsequent abduction of his child.

Perhaps a state of denial, or one of deep dissociation, nothing comes across as too strange to be untrue, now. Not the talking, floating dolls chanting at him, not the giant, winged ghouls trying to rend him limb from limb, nothing. It felt par for the course, as real as a haunted house or as threatening as his car being marked for trafficking. The threat exists, but it’s rationalized as nigh-trivial to the grand meaning behind his motivation.

That leads him to foolishly push forward without rhyme or reason, without a second glance at puddle's reflections or the man in the glass panes he passes by. His appearance wasn't relevant, and there would be no point trying to preen and pretty himself if he's just going to be thrown through four floors or splashed with vile muck again.

And everything hurts. Be it a dull ache of bruised bones or a sharp sting of countless cuts and scrapes open to the frigid air and colonies of disgusting bacteria hanging in the air, he's grown used to being in some state of disarray and disrepair. The pang of his mangled hand never ceases, never failing to remind him of the snapping teeth and gnarled claws of the Lycan hordes ready to swarm at any given point.

That and...

He doesn't want to think about it. Chalks up the odd fit of his own teeth in his mouth to lack of care, maybe one too many hits in the face. Writes off the increasing speed in which his nails grow into points. Doesn't even acknowledge that his spine has been aching and tingling for the week or so that he's been trapped in this god forsaken wasteland since he was bitten.

Whatever is happening to his body, whether he's shutting down from lack of nutrition or from sheer shock alone— even humors the final stages of hypothermia, paradoxical undressing to be his next step— he's discovered that the cold doesn't nip at him as much. Doesn't sting his ears or freezes his fingers anymore. If anything, he's become unseasonably *warm*.

Trudging through the field of frostbitten corn and desecrated crops, Ethan keeps his revolver steady as he slinks through the rows. One of his first encounters with all sorts of beasts seem to start in this field, and his guard is up in the clouds with how he jumps at a mouse hopping among the crushed seeds underfoot.

Short on bullets. Moreau left him in a tight spot with his ammunition, and he hasn't seen the Duke since before their encounter. At least enough medical solvent to keep himself together for the time being, he's really not looking forward to any run-ins with the local Lycan population if he can help it.

Stalking past the burnt husk of the widow's home, he rounds a corner and freezes.

A dark shape is watching him with beady eyes and drool slipping from its canines. Quiet where Ethan has grown accustomed to howls and snarling barks of mindless violence. It peers at him, slowly clambering down from its perch atop the fence-line to wander closer.

It's curious.

Holding his revolver steady, Ethan takes several steps back to evade the hulking beast until he nearly trips. Has to stumble to regain his footing as he regains his balance, compromised by an old farming tool imbedded in the frozen earth, but the attention taken away from the Lycan is more than enough for it to steadily advance upon him.

It stares down at him, nostrils flaring and shoulders hunched as if to pounce. Forces Ethan to try once more to step away from it, close enough now to smell the acrid stench of carrion on its breath, but in his scramble, he almost topples over once more.

Unable to save himself before he's being cornered against the ground by the Lycan. Is immediately startled by a wet nose trying to scent his throat, slobber dripping into the hollow of his clavicles, and crude hands finding a home on his biceps. Far removed from any encounter with the man-hybrids, Ethan is struck speechless and frozen in place for a moment as his brain tries to sluggishly

processes the stimuli pouring in.

Uncaring as the heavy weight of the mutant man crushes him to the snow-dusted ground, it renders Ethan momentarily immobile and entirely defenseless as he's scented and looked over. The short tail between the creature's legs wag slowly. A curious hound looking over something of interest.

He flushes from head to toe as a wave of feverish heat washes over him married to the revelation of what was happening. It wasn't attacking him, mauling and ripping him apart, because it had a different hunger in those milky eyes.

"Gh— get off..." he says, uncharacteristically quiet for what the situation would typically call for. Not wanting to startle the beast into anger, he tries to wriggle his way out from beneath its grip and pat the ground for his weapon that had fallen away from him in the scramble. It only huffs, settling back on its haunches to properly look over Ethan.

No outward sign of aggression. It simply peers at him, tail wagging a little faster before it goes to grab at his hips. Gets those knife-sharp claws in the waist of his jeans and starts to tug against Ethan's belt when his senses finally return to him.

With his arms now free as the Lycan works on trying to rip his clothes from his body, his hand flies out and finds the butt of his revolver. In a single motion, he brings the heavy handle of the revolver down onto the Lycan's skull. The first true noise escapes the beast as it barks out a snarl of pain, startled into a moment of vulnerability.

Has just enough time to bring his other arm up to hide his face as the revolver goes off and the Lycan slumps over on top of him. Burning heat of the creature leaving as rivulets of blood stream from the hole in its skull.

"What the fuck was *that*?" he swears aloud, simply taking a moment to regain his senses and a scrap of dignity before shouldering the corpse off his body. Scrambling to his feet, he quickly tugs his pants back up his hips from where they were almost ripped down and checks his chamber to count his rounds. Shouldn't be wasting anything else, especially if the Lycans have suddenly changed their mind about using him as a chew toy and instead finding another use for him. He can use it to his advantage and evade them en masse if they opt not to restrain him with violence, if that one Lycan is a viable example for what to expect.

A shudder ripples through him at the thought, and foreign heat blossoms through his body even as he tries to reject it. Pushes on, seeking out the last Lord's domain despite the odd twisting in his guts.

It doesn't take long to find, though it takes longer trying to get into the metal fortress. From what he had to escape from when he was first thrust into this hellscape, he isn't surprised to see the grand factory and twisting pipes following him as he wanders deeper and deeper into the facility.

What does take him by surprise is a well-lit room, quaint in how it is organized in neat shelves and hued in yellows and greens from a curtain casting the artificial light of a lamp through it. What is posted on the wall behind the curtain hardly crosses his mind as he instead spots a table instead. A place he can rest for a little bit, regain his breath, as it feels as though he was on fire.

Doesn't know if it's the factory's natural heat of mechanics and diesel, or if his body was overcompensating for the warm environment with misfiring nerves, but he feels like he's going to burn alive if he takes one more step. Sweat leaps from his forehead and his hands are clammy as he goes to shed his jacket, then his hoodie when that does little to alleviate the burning.

Resting his hands against the table, simply reveling in the cool hardwood and appreciating the contrasting temperature, he fails to hear the door creak open and heavy footsteps approach him until that sickeningly smooth voice calls out to him.

“Oh, Ethan,” a familiar sing-song croons to him, though before he can even lift his head to cast an exasperated look towards the newcomer, a wave of scent washes over him. “Finally decided to pay me a visit?”

The voice varies between the pause, downshifting into something more carnal. Emanating from his chest, now, rather than his throat. Ethan hardly cares to lift his weary body from the cool refuge of the workbench, but wills himself into facing his next target despite the new warmth blossoming deep in his belly.

He sweats freely now. As freely as blood spouted from the dispatched Lycan laying in the mercifully frosted field.

“You have no *idea* how much I’ve been looking forward to seeing you.” Amber eyes flash over the dark-tinted sunglasses perched on Heisenberg’s nose. A knife of unlabeled desire twists into Ethan’s ribs, white hot and blinding in its intensity.

His lips part slightly scent the air better. Drinks down the foreign smell, sweet and musky and alluring all at once as it pours down his throat. Ethan’s eyes fall half-shut, despite his better instincts clawing at the scraps of higher thought. Desperate as a sea captain succumbing to the sea along with his vessel.

Forces himself to sober up, as intoxicating as the heavy air seems to be now. Fills him up from the inside out and replenishes some energy to his muscles as it was bled from him by the hostile environment. He feebly shakes his head as if clearing an intrusive thought.

“Lycan got your tongue?”

That wrings a dry chuckle from Ethan. A voice crack threatens in his throat, but fails to manifest.

“That’s— that’s closer than you might think.”

“I’m sure. A little surprised that you’re not less decent than that,” Heisenberg smirks, waving a grand gesture to Ethan’s half-nudity. “You figured out what’s happening by now? Or are you too dense to even notice yourself?”

“The fuck is that supposed to mean?” Ethan attempts to throw venom behind those words, but the effect is lost with his voice involuntarily smoothed over like honey. Blinks at himself in surprise, but otherwise doesn’t comment on it. Can’t piece together the thoughts to do so as Heisenberg takes another few steps into the space.

He definitely doesn’t recall the other man being so insufferably warm and overbearing to his senses at their last meeting. False courage coursing in his veins and adrenaline humming through his body, he could hardly even recall his face in great detail before this. That’s no longer the case.

“You poor thing.”

It’s meant to be mean, mocking, but Ethan can’t hear anything but the comfortable vibration of the Lord’s voice in his head.

Winters’ consciousness forces its way to the forefront for a moment, and a crinkle settles in his brow. Even more upsetting than his inexplicable regard for Heisenberg is the subtle twitch of his

ear.

“Congratulations on your first heat. You’re a real man now,” he smiles, continuing his leisurely march forward until he’s nearly walking Winters back into the workbench.

“The hell are you talking about?” he hisses. Mirrors Heisenberg’s insistent approach until the countertop digs uncomfortably into the small of his back.

“Your hand, Ethan. You’re turning. And apparently finding out the hard way.”

In an instant, the vitriol and ire circling his heart dissipate like the moon gleaming behind cloud cover. Even casts a glance at the hand in reference, gawking at it as things start to slide into place, as much as he tries to repress the realizations and reject the gravity of his situation.

“Wh... what are you...”

“Don’t tell me you haven’t a clue and you’re this far along,” Heisenberg says in great exasperation. Rolls his eyes and tuts.

Encroaching upon Ethan’s personal space in his moment of vulnerability, the machinist tips his head back to peer at the young Lycan. The evaluating gaze processes as non-lethal, entirely appraisal, and Ethan meets his eyes with his, wide with shock and confusion.

Then a leather-clad hand comes up, brushes the hair and tucks it behind his ear, and thumbs along the elongated helix. Follows the distention towards the tuft of dirty-blond hair that has begun to cover him.

As soon as the contact registers, Ethan is tearing away and bearing his teeth angrily, bristling, hackles raised. The start of a strained warning teetering on his tongue as he glares daggers at the other man for having the audacity of imprinting his touch upon him— but before he can, Heisenberg interjects.

“Cute.”

“Wh- I’m— I’m not—”

“Wonder if they’ll keep straight,” Heisenberg muses, entirely ignoring Ethan’s stuttered indignity. Like a dog being appraised by a breeder, looking over a puppy of mixed-origin and speculating his breed. Makes Ethan blush to his ears, which instinctively fold back in his sudden sheepishness.

“Tell me, Ethan. You’ve owned a dog before, yeah?” Heisenberg says simply. Tips the brim of his hat back with an easy flick, grinning wolfishly at the confused man before him.

“I... where is this going?”

“Well, I’ll just say...” Heisenberg hums, biting his tongue for a second before a chuckle slips through his teeth. Teasing and cruel as he takes that final step and crudely slots himself between Ethan’s thighs. Forces the other man to lift a leg up, half-shimmying onto the workbench in a last ditch attempt to escape the advances.

“Don’t think it’d be... *inappropriate* now to call you a bitch.”

A litany of swears and insults lay barbed on Ethan’s tongue, but as he tilts his head away from his apparent potential suitor, all that emerges is an exasperated groan. It’s just his luck.

Doesn't have much time to throw himself a pity-party, though; the proximity renews the heat sending shivers down his spine with the intensity of a blast furnace. At this distance, the Lord's scent is dizzyingly cloying, displacing enough oxygen that Ethan might as well be gulping lungfuls of carbon monoxide rather than fresh air.

The previous encounter with the feral lycan is the final piece of the puzzle. The last bit of retrospective verification that he needs to confirm exactly what Heisenberg is claiming. Doubly so as he bares his neck against better judgement to allow those dangerous, glittering incisors near to his dearest arteries. Permitting him access to his basest vulnerabilities.

All of the previous slights against Ethan—including trying to shred him with spikes or toying with him like prey—melt away for the mere possibility of the other's hands on him.

"You're lucky I'm the one that found you," he chuckles dryly. Pulls away to gauge Ethan's reaction, to feed off of the dissonant storm of fear and arousal rolls in across his face. "Some of the alphas would break you without a second thought. *I'm a gentleman.*"

"Fuck," Winters mutters. A subtle lisp undermines the weight of the swear, being unaccustomed to the recent development of flesh-slicing incisors crowding into his mouth.

Allowing the advances is an inevitability at this point—he's already working on processing it. Less than ideal, but anything to stop the inferno growing unignorable inside his body will be worth any price he has to pay. Maybe he could even kill two birds with one stone and eliminate the final hurdle he's to jump in a moment of unearned vulnerability.

Logical thought is redacted from his mind at the feather-light brush of Heisenberg's hand over the fervid arousal that's tenting the front of his jeans. He's only half-released from his unrelenting, artificial desire for a moment to express his irritation at how easy he is to bed.

"Should let me take care of that for you," the machinist purrs. Confidence is a gilded coat over his own burning arousal. The true hunger he's fighting is evident in his wild eyes, searching and scanning for any weakness of Ethan's to exploit.

He has to fight himself just as hard as Ethan does to keep his hotwired impulses to cooperate with his master plan.

It's hard, growing harder by the second as the rich scent of freshly heated omega overwhelms him. Hasn't been near an omega in a long time, let alone one so deep in their heat, and it makes his already thin resolve waver.

Garnering no disagreement for the intrusive contact, he does what anyone would do and goes for the killing blow. Roughly gropes Ethan through the front of his jeans, feeling out the shape of his arousal in languid strokes of the palm. Revels in the full-bodied shudder and scandalized gasp he nets. Winter's knees almost buckle as every last defense shatters like a hammer being thrown through annealed glass.

Intimate contact has never felt so *intense*—feels as though all of his nerves have lit up and set him alight. Makes his head spin and his whole body jerk into Heisenberg's hand.

"Easy," Heisenberg croons, having to stabilize the new Lycan lest he falls to his knees (however appealing that thought may be).

"It... it *hurts*," Ethan whimpers, shuddering as the flame inside him burns anew with the novel stimulation. Cants his hips into the stimulation to try and ease the scorching heat burning him

alive, only to quickly grow frustrated as humping the machinist's hand does little in the way of alleviation. Climactic pleasure builds, but in no way does it satiate his need.

"I can help," Heisenberg reiterates, leering down at the omega as he shudders and pants desperately.

"M-make it stop *burning*," Ethan pleads, clinging to Heisenberg like a lifeline at sea. Each motion aggravating his senses and leaving him disoriented with the tidal waves of raw, instinctual need eroding his higher thoughts.

"You need to let me take care of you," the Lord insists, though in so few words, he seems to send the other man's fever into hyperdrive. No convincing required.

Ethan rabbits his cock against the firm flesh of Heisenberg's palm in response, convinced that somehow a single orgasm would clear the filth being mainlined into his thoughts. The subpar friction of denim on leather would do near-nothing for him under any other circumstance, but in this moment, it's better than the steady plunge of his cock into any potential partner. He pants openly, pink tongue lazing across the cusp of his teeth.

Pleasure compounds a *thousandfold* while locked in the throes of heat, and it proves to be more than enough to push Ethan nearer and nearer to the edge. His eyes screw shut tight. The warmth choking him out of his body and suffocating him grows incandescent, fervid and feverish as his peak circles around him like a blood-frenzied predator.

Damn near sheds tears as the hand momentarily shifts to undo his fly and permit unobstructed contact to his cock. Even a millisecond of pause is excruciating. Threatens to char the meat on Ethan's bones, aching to his gums with desperation.

Admittedly, he'd fantasized about getting into Winter's pants in an entirely different manner, but beggars can't be choosers. Especially not when Ethan so generously feeds into his own motives, so easily allows him access to his greatest vulnerabilities. Maybe his proposition wouldn't take much bargaining after all, seeing as he's capable of fulfilling all of Ethan's needs in excess.

But strategy doesn't have much place here now. It's simple what needs to be done, lest the new Lycan succumb to his first heat and let the beasts outside take advantage of blind necessity. He *keens* as the leather all but brushes against his cock.

Flushed angry shades of red and pink, leaking pre like a ruptured pipe, Ethan has to steady himself on the machinist's biceps to keep himself upright as his gloved hand wraps around his length.

"Use my hand," he coaxes, nuzzling Ethan's ear and rumbling his pleasure as the ex-engineer needs no further instruction. Immediately starts fucking his fist, fast, desperate thrusts sure to leave his wrist aching come tomorrow.

Groaning like he's been gutted, Ethan hooks his chin over Heisenberg's shoulder and lets his pleasure be known to the whole world. Panting and drooling, intoxicated from pheromones and instinct, his eyes focus on nothing ahead of him as he pours his entire being into the steady tightening of his arousal, knotting in his guts.

"There you go, big boy," Heisenberg hums, rubbing his cheek against Ethan's and purring against the shell of his ear. Scenting him, making sure that no matter the outcome, Ethan will be left well enough alone with the alpha's stench all over him. A cat butting its head against another, calling him his own.

It takes ten seconds, no more, for Ethan to snarl out a warning. Paints Heisenberg's hip and thigh with a generous amount of cum, wetting the hot tunnel of his fist as he drives himself through it. Doesn't seem aware of himself enough to even notice when he's no longer soiling the older man's pants with his load, too caught up in the wistful hope that if he came, it'd be over and he'd feel better.

It doesn't resolve— if anything, it feels *worse*. Like a grease fire in a novice home, with every typical solution only fanning the flames higher and higher. His structure trembles treacherously, weakening under the heat, and is only saved when the more experienced man forces him back against the workbench.

“N-not enough, it's not...” Ethan pants, delirious under the shroud of his heat as he sweeps a hand over his forehead and tugs at his own hair.

“Need more?” Heisenberg says, finishing his scattered train of thought.

Of course he does— it's never as easy as new omegas might hope. Might play oblivious, let Ethan decide for himself whether or not he wants Heisenberg to properly mount him. With the low burning in his own core, he doesn't know if he has the patience left to play the long-con. Can't even stop himself from crowding against Winters and burying his nose in the crook of his neck to scent him, too overwhelmed with the nauseatingly sweet smell of a virgin omega.

A fond chuckle vibrates against the omega's neck as Ethan's reprieve only lasts all of a few seconds. Maybe a fraction of a blissful second of muted relief before his hips are rolling again and fucking into the looser fist around his cock.

“Need it bad, huh?” Heisenberg rumbles lowly, bordering between a growl and a whisper as his own arousal twitches in his pants, reminding him of his own instinct.

He wants nothing more than to rip all offending clothing out of the way, to fuck him the way their biology demands—throwing him onto the floor, filling him up, and repeating until the heat subsides and he stakes his claim—but he fends off what thoughts he can, if only for Ethan's future comfort. Self-restraint only does so much for the pre he can feel smearing against the fabric of his boxers.

It would be pathetic, the machinist getting so achingly hard without touch, were it not for the aphrodisiac pheromones being thrown as freely into the air as plant pollen. Mingles with musk and sweat and dried blood caked onto Winters in a delightfully noxious combination. Has to war with himself to avoid ripping his teeth into the smaller man and claiming him before he's even touched.

Hardly even notices the other man crossing the finish line again until warm stickiness refreshes itself over his hand. Ample lube to pin him down and fuck him 'til he's bred full—but again, Heisenberg forcibly centers himself.

As much as he can as Ethan whimpers and whines against him. Like a ceaseless hunger, Winters only weathers a brief half-softness before he's flushed up to full arousal again and is throbbing in his fist.

“Frustrated?” he cooes, swallowing his own mounting urgency in favor of getting Ethan to admit his needs himself. “Tell me what you need.”

“I-I don't know,” Ethan admits, almost sheepish if he were still capable of feeling such things. The only thing left untouched by the leaping heat of his cycle is raw need, molten as it thrums through his veins. Filling his cheeks with rosy color and drawing sweat from every pore, he exudes his



desperation in a universal language that anyone could understand with just a glance.

“I think you do,” Heisenberg goads, “even if you haven’t a clue yourself. Your body knows what you need.” Offers a hand in kicking his misfiring brain into action by sweeping his soiled hand down his length, giving a healthy squeeze to his balls before drifting further south. Rides his fingers along the in-seam of his jeans, applying the barest amount of pressure to his obscured body and teasing his perineum with a silent promise. Watches, amused and hungry, as Ethan releases a shuddering breath of surprise and cants his hips, angling himself in such a way that only offers explicit permission.

“O-oh...” Ethan gawks, unable to suppress the odd twitches and shivers as Heisenberg continues the ministration, marrying it with slipping the belt through his loops and relaxing his waistband enough to dip his free hand inside. Just enough to slip around, gliding over the smooth cotton of his briefs, to grab a healthy handful of Winters’ ass. Rough and greedy, guiding him against his fingers.

A short whimper catches in Ethan’s throat, dumbly staring down at where Heisenberg’s hand teases the realization out of him.

“We’ll try this again,” Heisenberg says slowly, “what do you need, Ethan.”

His name uttered into the sacred space between them, spoken with conviction and nigh-religion falling off Heisenberg’s tongue, brings clarity to the omega’s mind for just a fleeting moment. Just long enough for embarrassment to dig its claws into him, dragging him down as he works himself up to confess.

“I...” Ethan starts, stops, and wets his lips, tongue slipping over his new canines that glint in the yellow lighting. Bathing him in shades of sunset and capturing him in retro, it catches every drop of sweat and every lash that fans out over his cheeks as he stops to try and think of anything less mortifying than the truth perched on his tongue.

“Don’t make me say it,” he says quietly, shamefully. Even as he has begun to move, hips having a mind of their own as they drag down against the older man’s hand. Teasing himself with the pleasure he tries to deny in the face of his remaining humanity.

“Then show me.”

Shakily exhaling, it takes a moment or two for Ethan to nod, let him know that his words haven’t fallen deaf. Takes even longer willing himself to separate, pushing at Heisenberg’s wrists until his untouched skin is burning at the absence of the alpha. *That* spurs him along more than anything, the evidence that what he needs is standing before him, as much as he loathes to admit it to the machinist’s face.

Rather than telling him explicitly, tongue trapped in knots and fog too heavy over his brain to see through clearly, he shows him. Unsteadily, not meeting Heisenberg’s eyes, he turns himself around and finishes what the Lord had started by shoving his pants down to mid-thigh. Keeps a shred of dignity in the form of his briefs, although it does little to preserve his integrity as he turns and braces on his elbows over the workbench.

Though it had been stock-still as Heisenberg stroked and worked over his hardness, only getting up to a steady flutter after his first orgasm, his new tail wags eagerly as his boxers are tugged down to meet the waist of his jeans again.

The outline of claws nip into skin as the machinist sets to work, both hands now occupying the

meat of Ethan's ass. He's as gentle as he can force himself to be, but now, unfiltered by clothing, the stench of heat is entirely overbearing. Threatening to override any sense of control Heisenberg may be clinging to as instinct washes over him like a headrush.

Unsullied by the scent of any other alpha in his short stint as a Lycan, he's overcome by pure, unflinching instinct. As strong and conflicting as the bodily urge to thrust oneself off of a skyscraper—just as much as every fiber of muscle screams not to. Needs to press inside, needs to fulfill that ache, needs to claim what's rightfully his new bitch.

In his heat, Ethan needs no prep, beyond what he might need emotionally. If he's not too far gone now to disregard even the strongest of gut instincts to satiate the burning deep inside. Forearms braced on the desk, he pushes back and widens his stance slightly. Glances over his shoulder with pleasure-glazed eyes, his brows pinched into urgency.

"Poor thing," the machinist grins, his voice dropping into lower and lower gravel. A growl, even, as he leans closer. Rests his hands on Ethan's hips as he leans over the other man's back to whisper into his ear, the bulge of his arousal pressing against his ass. "Need it bad, don't you? Need to be *mine*."

Winters nods profusely, no longer having any regard for dignity or pride anymore. It hurts, being so empty for so long, that the potential to finally be filled strips him of human feelings like shame and guilt. All he cares for now is the wave of relief to come.

"Attaboy."

New muscle and shaggy brown fur thump erratically against Heisenberg's ribs as Winters' body explodes in a flurry of excited nerves and anticipatory trembling. Just like a dog, barely containing its enthusiasm as a treat hangs over its head tantalizingly.

Peeling away, frustrating the omega beneath him by removing the blanket of his body weight, Heisenberg pinches the index tip of each glove and throws them onto the workbench before them. Almost a show, a warning as to what's to come now that Ethan has divulged his entirety to the alpha.

"So pretty..." Heisenberg muses, voice laden with reverence and awe as he marvels at the unmarred flesh. A rarity to behold in the decrepit village, seeing as everything that moves is a disgrace to nature. Palming at Ethan's ass, a hand drifts up to stroke the furry appendage as it wags without reason.

The blonde jolts at the contact, shudders, and presses back against the machinist.

"Sensitive?" he chuckles gruffly, teasing Ethan's tail with the barest amount of pull. It warrants a whimper, heady and heavy in his throat. "Good."

"Hurry..." Ethan pants, entire body quaking as each second spans hours in his fevered mind.

Merely huffing, Heisenberg obliges. The clinking of his belt coming undone is met with more wagging, finding a rhythm of ecstatic joy as the older man finally relieves his arousal and pulls it from its confines.

The contact alone of Heisenberg's cock pressed against him, length against his weakly fluttering hole, thrusts the rest of Ethan's higher cognition clear out of his mind. Mewling, he grinds back as best as he can given their difference in stature, tail arching out of the way and momentarily halting its ceaseless movement.

“Stop.” The firm warning is emphasized as pre, copious and cool in juxtaposition to Ethan’s burning body, paints the small of his back.

A muted whimper dies at the back of Ethan’s throat. Obedient as ever, he still can rationalize that Heisenberg is the safest way out of this predicament, without throwing himself to the wolves, so to speak—and so he listens. The only movements he cannot help are the slowed wag of his new tail and the subtle tremor in his body. Equal parts anticipation and pure need.

Though Winters needs no thorough prep, the machinist wraps an arm around the smaller’s hips to provide some slick relief to his cock, while his other hand lines himself up. Gentle, steady strokes to ease the friction of intrusion (if there could even be any, given his comically-slick state) and leash his unbridled desire. Doesn’t seem to mind, already humming and gasping away with the mere return of his hand—though he’s in for much more to come.

“You still need this?” Even despite the entirely wrecked man before him, he still needs to check. Needs to be sure before he fully submerges himself in his role.

“*Fuck me,*” Ethan squeaks. Uncharacteristic bluntness is written off as a side effect of his heat. It’s every bit as endearing to see him want him so badly no matter his state, but this is another level entirely.

Pinches the base of Ethan’s cock as he feeds his own, inch by inch, into the smaller man’s body to prevent him from spending himself too early. Has plenty of time to fire blanks before they’re done—they’re only just getting started now.

He’s hot—hotter than standing before his molten castings or being subject to a pipe burst in tight corridors—as Heisenberg slides home. He’s barely met with any resistance, and it makes a dangerous look flicker in his eye.

His body welcomes him easily, yet is still sinfully snug around him. Tighter and hotter and *wetter* than anything he’s ever had. He throbs and growls lowly. The trickle of slick his body has forced into production with the sudden onset of lycanthropy trails down his balls, staining the flaps of his undone trousers and forever staining his exposed boxers with the scent of raw, desperate heat.

Hissing, Heisenberg has to steel himself as the low burning embers of instinct suddenly try to catch like dry straw. Fans the heat in his face as though he stood far too close to an open flame, tempting himself to light.

Eyes screwing shut and brows furrowing, Heisenberg steadies himself with a hand on the workbench, the other neglecting Ethan’s cock to rest on his hip. Almost immediately, the sudden absence of stimulation past the deep weight distending his stomach, Ethan mewls and squirms.

The alpha’s cock only did so much to cool the hellfire burning inside of Ethan, but laying to rest in his guts did nothing but agitate his need. So close to what he wants, only to have Heisenberg waver in the face of collapse.

“Please?” Ethan tries, the single word laced through with the quintessence of need. So much so, that it is met with another growl—harsher, firmer than the almost-content murring of the predator that Heisenberg truly is.

When that doesn’t work, he opts for a different approach. Braces himself on his elbows and drags his hips forward, body protesting such grotesque robbery of pleasure, before he forces himself back onto Heisenberg’s cock.

With the sweet moan he offers, legs already trembling dangerously even at such a restricted movement, he's met with the tightening of Heisenberg's grip on his lithe waist and the sound of hardwood splintering. The machinist scores gouges into the heavy workbench as he tries valiantly to retain his composure, desperate for Ethan's own regard.

"*Ethan...*" he snarls, decorating his warning with heavy, guttural pants that drag against the back of his throat and pull drool past his lips.

"Please— i-it's too *hot*," Ethan babbles, truly deaf to his own depraved rambling. Despite the warnings, the red flags, the hold on his hip so tight that it's sure to bruise, he keeps rocking himself back onto Heisenberg's length.

Then his scent sharpens, both as subtle and as blatant as the wind carried on a storm's wings changes directions. Dangerous and electrifying, like the threat of thunder and an overturned powder keg. Heavy and musky like wet earth beaten by torrential rains, of oil running off pavement, and of oxidizing metal.

Ethan, foolishly, disrespects it. Whimpering as he works less than a couple inches in and out of him, blind in the pursuit of his own pleasure. Stands in the open field to marvel at the darkening sky, tasting the petrichor thick on his tongue, drinking it in selfishly.

The hand on his hip disappears, joining the other in desecrating the workbench with claw marks and splinters. Pants ruggedly, nose crinkled in a snarl as he loses traction fast on the slickening roads, the wet grass slipping out from beneath his boots.

"*Stop... moving.*"

"N-need it, *please...*"

Tries his best to brace against Ethan's relentless determination to be bred. But he's already slipped, with the inevitable impact quickly approaching. Can only hope to prolong his rut as long as possible, if just to give Ethan a chance to prepare himself. Heisenberg's hands come to find purchase on Ethan's biceps. Pins him down with bruising force, the points of his claws digging into the tender muscle to still him.

The beginnings of a new string of pleas slip off his tongue like the sweat from his skin as Heisenberg finally caves. Weak to the thick haze of pheromones and instinct screaming at him, and especially weak to the reedy whines and sweet whimpers beneath him coupled with the tight heat wrapped around his cock.

Bracing on Ethan's arms, making sure he's stuck fast and sure to take all that he can give, the alpha only wastes a second to drag his hips back in warning before he drives back into him. Punches a sharp cry out of the blonde as he crumbles beneath the primal pressure of satisfying both of their carnal needs.

Nothing has felt as holy as indulging his rut. Has always found himself either alone or locked away from human partners out of fear of inflicting pain in his passion, but here, with a similar half-Lycan writhing beneath him, he repents. Confesses the decades of isolation away from suitable partners, speaks prayers into the air above Ethan's head in the form of guttural, animalistic growls and groans, and writes his sins into him with his claws.

Given the angle, each thrust is too fast, too deep, for the new omega to cope. The brutal plunge of Heisenberg's cock deep into his guts, both scratching that unreachable itch he didn't know how to satiate and reviving the hellfire inside him, brings him to a pitiful release within moments. Almost

devolves into overwhelmed sobs as the cum is fucked out of him without reprieve in sight.

“Fuckin’ tight,” Heisenberg snarls, entirely negligent to the overmounting pleasure threatening to white-out Ethan’s senses. He’s entirely submerged in his rut, eyes glazed over in similar heat and hunger, with the only thing pushing to the forefront of his consciousness the need to knock Ethan up the way their biology demands.

Each rough impact of their bodies chokes a weak whimper out of Ethan, eyes rolling into the back of his skull as his body shudders dangerously. Knees threatening to buckle beneath the onslaught of novel pleasure, only kept up by the force and pace of Heisenberg’s hips. Drops his head to the workbench, careless to the fact that he’s smearing his cheek through the puddle of drool that had formed.

“Gonna be *my* claim,” Heisenberg growls, voice thick and roughened with almost angry arousal. Saliva slips from his lips and teeth from his open-mouthed panting, painting Ethan between his shoulder blades as he pounds into him. “*My* little omega.”

Ethan can only whine. The fever that has sunk its claws into his brain rears at the idea and spurs him into weakly trying to lift his hips higher, almost on the tips of his toes. Encouraging.

Just as Ethan shifts for greater leverage, Heisenberg pulls back to properly fuck into him, hips rolling with abandon as he loses himself to his baser desires all the same.

Mouth hanging open in his eternal cries of pleasure, greater amounts of saliva once clinging to his canines slip down, painting the too-hot flesh of Winters’ back. All the more feral, desperate, sloppy. Neither of them care, not even as the added dampness brings a negligible chill.

Digging his claws into the soft skin of Ethan’s hips, neither of them take notice until the carnal desire to nestle himself as deeply as possible in the other results in those cruel points slicing into him effortlessly. Deep, hot pain, but it’s nothing in comparison to his heat-blindness. Even as his syrupy lifeblood wells and drools from the cuts, tracking along the contours of his body, Ethan hardly notices. Can’t—with the unending wash of the tide throwing him into pleasure with every pump of Heisenberg’s cock. His attention is simply elsewhere.

Individually, all the the stimuli are maddening, but together throw Ethan into a death-roll of desperation. *Needs* whatever might come next, though in his inexperience can’t be sure exactly what that is.

Again, Winters is blindsided by another climax as it wracks his body and runs him through like a live wire. His thighs shake gracelessly, and his only advantage is the creaking workbench beneath them keeping him upright.

Throaty growls are drawn up from Heisenberg’s throat as the smaller man’s hole flutters around him, clenching and shuddering as though Ethan’s body were begging him for his release.

“*F-uck*,” Heisenberg snarls, the curl of his lips and crease of his brow evident in how he hisses the curse. Dripping with salacious aggression, capable of intimidating any mortal man into submission.

Ethan, knocked clear out of his mind with pheromones and pleasure and pain alike, doesn’t flinch — *can’t*, as Heisenberg’s claws dig into his hips and stop him from so much as moving with the brutal thrusts. He’s entirely limp in his hold, subconsciously resigned or purely incapable of controlling his limbs anymore, and easily handled to the alpha’s liking.

Releasing their grip on his hips, Heisenberg’s hands slide in towards his lithe waist, digging into

his soft underbelly. It allows him to easily lift his ass higher, thus dangling him an inch or two off the ground, in his bid to reach his nirvana.

A litany of strained, desperate whines erupt from the young omega beneath Heisenberg, jaw twinging with the exertion and overuse as he grows to volumes he hasn't reached before in any intimacy in his past. With a sharp yip, Ethan shudders dangerously and scratches at the wooden table beneath him with his new claws. Splinters the wood in a shadow of destruction that Heisenberg caused, curling into the gouges left from the alpha as each thrust sends a jolt of pleasure and overwhelmed, bleary shock.

While it's something that he has yet to develop, a late bloomer amongst other turned Lycans, Heisenberg is well endowed and entirely blind to the novelty of his knot.

The warm, wet friction of Ethan's body coaxes his knot into budding fruition, tugging with each withdraw and *popping* past the abuse-puffy rim with each stroke. Forces him to slow, just so, as it creates difficulty and stops the brutal pace that had been sustained easily up until that point.

"Feel that?" Heisenberg drawls. Dangerous and grit through clenched teeth.

"F— y-yeah," he slurs, barely maintaining his control of language in the fiery-cool fever shivers that rock through his body. Closer and closer to the blessed relief that he knows with every molecule in his body would come at the end of their encounter.

"Need it? Need me to breed you?" Heisenberg interrogates, losing his slipping hold on his coherency as his knot gradually swells. His end sits on the points of his teeth, numbs every sensation but the swallowing pressure of Ethan's body as he forces his swelling length into a tighter and tighter fit.

"G-give—"

Ethan cuts himself off with a gasp as the man above him abruptly jerks down. Barely has a moment to register the quadrupled pierce of fangs at the nape of his neck before his heat is—at last—soothed. Like guzzling ice water on a sweltering day, a relieving chill slips down deep as the machinist's knot catches one last time on his rim and drives in to his core.

He wails like a gutted game animal as he's pumped full, and the noise joins Heisenberg's unabashed growls and groans in a discordant symphony.

Only after they still does a warmth—pleasant, this time, like the embrace of a sunbeam—wash over him, emanating from the punctures now plaintively welling with his blood. He slackens as he feels the occasional twitch of the alpha still filling him.

Pent up, apparently.

Winters gasps gently as his neck is finally relinquished from the Lord's hold, then joins in Heisenberg's panting as they fumble around in the pitch for their handle on their humanity again.

"F-full," Ethan mumbles airily, dazed and satisfied. The warm trickle of his own blood slipping over the contour of his neck and down into the hollow of his collarbones does little in the ways of disrupting his post-release high. If anything, it soothes him in a novel, primal way, like an animal finding its instincts again after domestication. Matches the steady drip of Heisenberg's seed down his perineum, escaping the tight lock of his knot from the sheer volume.

Freeing, almost. If it weren't for the fact that the emotion came along with being *stuck*.

Metaphorically and physically, he's stuck with Heisenberg. The claim bitten into his flesh throbs with his heartbeat as the adrenaline and pheromones bleed out of him, replaced by bliss and endorphins. A broad tongue laps at the blood spilled, pulling a happy chirp from him as he's washed over with happiness for the first time in years. Nothing more pure and holy as a mating claim, twisting up his conflicted emotions for the other man into infatuation.

Much as Heisenberg is going to grovel and kick himself for getting lost in the moment and unthinkingly claiming the new omega, he doesn't think he can bring himself to break the bond as the blonde hums a sweet sigh beneath him and lifts his head to try and catch him in a nuzzle. His body struggles to hold up even half of his own body weight on his elbows, as they tremble treacherously under him.

Indulging Winters, Heisenberg huffs and knocks his temple against his with a low murr. Better to appreciate the moment before Ethan's heat fever breaks and some clarity returns to his mind, but with the instinctual branding of his claim forever imprinting his skin in an ugly display of violent passion...

Heisenberg stifles a sigh as the impending frustration cuts through his lingering rut-blindness that had obscured his better judgement. He'll settle, in time, but it'll be a tiring battle as he settles into the carnal cradle of his new biology.

## End Notes

[rockerboytoy's twitter](#)  
[cowboyflesh's twitter](#)

join our [wintersberg server!](#) 18+ only, no minors allowed, no exceptions. select a role to stay a member in the server, or come and go as you like!

edit: link is broken on purpose, server is closed atm due to a large influx of newcomers- while be back up soon!

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